



THE STUDENT'S PEN



EAST BRIDGEWATER HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE, 1925

GRADUATION NUMBER

This "Pen" belonged to
Edith Dregoli, class
of 1926.

I'm happy to return
it to its home.

Edith's daughter,

Patricia Swezey

The Student's Pen

VOL. VI. EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS., JUNE, 1925. NO. 4

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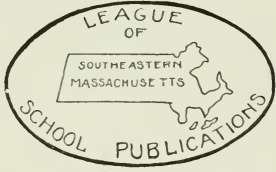
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EDITORIALS



The Student's Pen
 The literary publication of
E. B. H. S.

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 times a year. Yearly subscription, 60c

THIS is to announce that this issue of the "Pen," as is the custom, is devoted almost entirely to the graduating class. This edition, as was stated at the beginning of the season, is not included in the yearly subscription. Because of the numerous cuts and the extra size of the paper, we have found it necessary to charge an extra price for this number.

It's nearly June 23. In a few short, busy days our dignified Seniors will "embark on the sea of life." These departing students have certainly done their bit during their four years in E. B. H. This is the last issue of the "Pen" before they leave us. We think it proper that we, the pupils of E. B. H. S., should let it be known publicly that we appreciate their accomplishments and their endeavors in behalf of the school.

The Freshmen gave a splendid Memorial Day program. Mr. Gredler gave a brief history of Memorial Day. Miss Pollard, from the Methodist Episcopal Church in Brockton, spoke on the three qualities of a good American. It was a very helpful and appropriate service.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT

WE MAKE OUR DEBUT



FRANCES BANNERMAN

"Bunny"

It's hard to think of Bunny without thinking of Phil. We wonder why Bunny walked home from the Senior Class Play! Perhaps she's trying to reduce? Who knows? When it comes to doing her share on any committee, Bunny is right there.

PHYLLIS RICHMOND

"Phil"

Phil is credited with having a certain fondness for the opposite sex, but we know three who are not in her long list,—Cicero, Cæsar, and Virgil! We wonder if her ambition is to teach Latin!

STEPHEN CARLETON

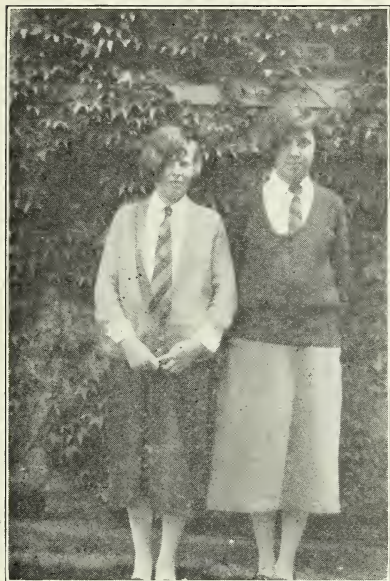
"Steve"

He doesn't not know the meaning of "can't" or "I don't know." Under his faithful guidance as president, we have prospered. He has been a three-letter man, captain of the football team, and president of the A. A. We always thought him quiet and unassuming until the senior play when he demonstrated that he was a man of action and rather convinced us that he wasn't such a—er—woman-hater after all!

FRED STETSON *"Fred"*

Fred doesn't indulge in such a frivolity as a nickname. He joined our class at the beginning of the senior year and entered readily the activities and spirit of '25. He is always ready to work, no matter how hard the task, to make our class one of the best that ever graduated from E. B. H.





MADELINE SEAVER

"Mady"

The vamp of '25! We wonder why she is so anxious to go to the Whitman reception and why she sits in the "peanut gallery" these hot nights. We like her shingle, but isn't it convenient to have a barber in town who doesn't charge union prices!

LILLIAN CAMPBELL

"Cam"

Cam is so terribly tall and thin. What *is* she going to do if it rains on graduation night—her wave simply *won't* stay in. Never mind, Lillian, you're a "purty good grabber" so you won't have to worry about your looks.

EULA SHAW *"Shawsie"*

We wonder if, when Eula goes to Hyannis Normal, she will hold the position which she has held in the class of '25 for four years—that of Speaker of the Class. What would '25 have done without her? "After three long years. . . ." Well, what happened, Eula?

ANNA MURPHY *"Red"*

Our "Red" recently displayed her ability as a school-ma'am. Here's wishing her success in her future career at Chandler! Judging by her faithful attendance at the Post Office, she seems to have an active interest in affairs concerning mails (males)!





DANIEL CHUCKRAN

"Dan"

Chuck, our leading man, has certainly stepped out this year. With his suede jacket and gray balloons he adds another sheik to the Class of '25. At Plymouth, he became so interested in divorce cases that we nearly lost him. Think you'll try matrimony, Dan?

ELLMAR CAMPBELL

"Soup"

Soup, the scene-shifter. Remember how hard he worked scrubbing the stage floor at Elmwood? If anyone wants a cartoon of himself, he should go to Campbell. We suggest that he draw one of himself in his Freak Day costume or in the act of devouring strawberry shortcake at the class play supper.

AGNES MOREY "Aggie"

The champion forward of the basketball team. Whenever she is there, you are sure to see some pretty shots from the Cloverdale clerk.

1 lb. succotash	at 11 3-4c
2 qts. Lima beans	at 13 7-8c
1 lb. Azerbai-Jan coffee	at 60c
3 lbs Kalamazoo Tea	at 57 1-4c
6 yds. skirinish line	at 76 8-9c

Well, commercial arithmetic did some good after all, didn't it, Aggie?

RUTH PERKINS "Ruthie"

Ruth is the charming violin player who entertains us at assemblies. She is also very gifted about running her fingers over the typewriter keys. She reminds me of the sun of which the poet said, "When you face the sun, the shadows fall behind you."





ANNA NIELSEN

"Annabelle"

We never knew until June 3 that we had a Chinaman in E. B. H. How well the colors of Anna K's. jacket and trousers blended! "Hope for the best, expect the worst, and you'll never be disappointed." This must be Annabelle's motto, for she's one of our salutarians. Just now she's learning to drive her car—look out!

VERNA PERRY

"Vernarino"

We wonder why Verna likes the song "Oh, Harold." Often she has been heard singing this song, but we haven't yet been able to discover the reason for her partiality. Another puzzling thing is the origin of that foreign sounding nickname. A certain young man at B. H. S. is responsible, they say.

KATHERINE ROGERS

"Kitty"

On dark days our room is illuminated, not by electricity, but by our Kitty's radiant hair. This is a great saving on the electric light bill. Truly, "a woman's crowning glory is her hair," and Kitty's Titian locks prove it. Kitty is also a high light in French IV; what *would* that class do without her unlimited supply of idioms!

DOROTHY FLOOD *"Dot"*

Dot certainly has a faculty for laughing. Perhaps that is why she is so plump. She also has developed a great love for Edgar Ellen Poe! How she admires his stories and poems!



RUTH JENKINS

"Rufus"

It is hard to imagine Ruth as the haughty Marcia in "Take My Advice." She has just the opposite sort of disposition. She looks so nice in red! Too bad Eldon couldn't have seen her in that red hat on the first night of the play. Never mind, Rufus, the brown was very becoming.

GLADYS ZWICKER

"Chip"

We never knew that Gladys abhorred children, but she must, judging from her expression in the picture. Chip is not always as childish

as she looks here; she has the brain capacity of an Edison when it comes to algebra.

DOROTHEA BOWEN *"Dot"*

Our chubby little classmate has never been accused of speeding, but she gets there just the same. As can be seen by her picture, she is always in a happy mood despite the weather, for she doesn't believe in marcel. Why should she when she looks charming with a straight bob?

ABRAHAM BLOOM *"Abie"*

We could write pages and pages of Abie's career in High School, but the following seems to sum it up:

"Love is like an onion,
You taste it with delight,
But when it's gone you start to say,
'Why did I ever bite?'"

In spite of his sentimental nature Abie has a brain for business. We're sorry that we haven't a picture of our military genius for these pages.

FREDERICK BONI *"Freddie"*

"Larry" is our idea of "Joe College" with his bell trousers and collegian hat. Remember the *awful* time he had getting the powder out of his hair after the class play? Slickum and powder, like oil and water, don't mix! The class is expecting a bill any day for the various shampoos that Boni had to pay for.

ON GRADUATION

Every year there has been a group of blushing maidens and youths ejected from the ranks of the East Bridgewater High School. After four years of toil, suffering and numerous hardships, combined with snatches of learning here and there, there has at last come a time, about June 20th, when the said group can endure and be endured no longer.

The reasons for the departure are many and various. In some cases the young people have done well enough during the four years to deserve a diploma. In other cases the pupils have come to be as learned as the faculty; then, of course, the obvious thing to do is to give them the gate via the diploma. In other instances a change of scenery and environment is needed; answer—diploma.

We are having the accustomed graduation this year as usual. (I don't know what the music department would do without it!) Here is how various notables regard it:

Miss Barnes: "Well, that's over! I've at last lived to see that class pass on. Often I've thought I'd never see the day, with all the tutoring and steering I've had to give them."

Miss Andrews: (Room Teacher) "Well, as you can see, I've survived, too. I had my doubts also. If they didn't get something, it isn't my fault, though I suppose I might have done better. They were a fairly good class after all."

Joseph Morey: (Janitor) "That bunch has gone at last. No different from the other dubs. They're all the same. Not one class like my generation. No Sir!"

Juniors: "Ah, that's over with. Now we've got the chance we've waited years for. We'll show the world we're the best Seniors that ever came in!"

Sophomores: "There, now we're another peg ahead in the line. Only two more years. You bet we'll be pretty good Juniors."

Freshies: "Aren't they grand! I wish *I* were them. I'll be there some day, if I don't die first from over work."

Townspeople: "They're pretty good just the same. As good as any class except those of my day. They'did

pretty well on Loyalty Day. I guess we can trust them with citizenship. We'll risk it."

Parents: "I don't know what to say or do. I'm sorry, and then again I'm so glad. You know how it is. I'm really awfully proud of them. Don't you think they're the loveliest class, though?"

Themselves: "Ah-h-h, (sniff, sniff) it's over. We don't have to go back now, and we can't if we want to. I feel so funny! What shall I do? Well, anyway I will do my best. So long!"

John B. Thorndike, '26.

THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

We were four excited and enthusiastic girls, awaiting our turn to see the First Lady of the Land. No one awaiting a presentation to royalty at court, could have been more excited than we!

Having given our names to the attendant at the White House, we were led into the Blue Room, one of the White House reception rooms, where we waited a few minutes. Mrs. Coolidge received us in the Green Room, and as we entered, the charming lady who was to be our hostess for about five minutes, came forward to greet us with a smile and a warm handclasp. The minute I entered the room, I felt that I was in the presence of one of the most charming personalities.

The simplicity of her gown was one of the first things that I noticed. She wore a plain, simple gown of pink and white gingham, her only ornaments being a dainty shoulder pin, a bracelet, and a simple necklace. From this, I gathered that she was very democratic and simple in her tastes.

"You are members of the graduating class?" she asked, and inquired from what school we came. In turn, she asked where we were going to college, and when I told her I was going to Mt. Holyoke she said, "Oh, that isn't very far from my home town, Northampton, and I have a boy at Amherst,

which isn't very far from South Hadley, either." She had some pleasing remark to make about each school that was mentioned and seemed to be very interested, too.

I consider myself fortunate in having been one of the four lucky girls who met this lovely woman who was so willing to give up five minutes of her valuable time just to meet four girls who had no claim whatsoever on her, except that we came from her own state. It is said that Mrs. Coolidge is the idol of Washington. Everyone loves her, and I don't see how anyone could help doing so.

I left her, feeling more happy than ever, just because I felt this woman's strong personality grip me. This event gave me one of the biggest thrills of my Washington trip!

Frances Bannerman, '25.

SENIOR IMPRESSIONS

Frances Bannerman: a moonlight sonata; the sweet graciousness of Nancy Lammeter.

Abraham Bloom: West Point; national anthems and military bands; Napoleon as a school boy.

Fred Boni: Venice by moonlight,—and Vesuvius.

Dorothea Bowen: "There are smiles—"

Ellmar Campbell: Tom Sawyer dressed up.

Lillian Campbell: Scotch thistles; a book and a blazing hearth; Portia.

Steve Carleton: A surprise at every turn; Patrick Henry disguised as a Quaker.

Dan Chuckran: Arrow ads; Kuppenheimer clothes.

Dorothy Flood: California sunshine.

Ruth Jenkins: The calm serenity of twilight, and lightning flashes.

Agnes Morey: Unruffled waters; a calm summer day.

Anna Murphy: Delicately cut cameos; candlelight and old ballads.

Anna Nielsen: Frances Willard; Brunhilde; Campfire.

Ruth Perkins: The intense fire of Wagner or Rachmaninoff under the sweet calm of Mendelssohn or Schumann.

Verna Perry: "In Old Madrid"; a Spanish mantilla over bobbed hair.

Phyllis Richmond: Peter Pan.

Katherine Rogers: Titian; Browning and Brahms.

Madeline Seaver: A Lucille gown concealing a checked apron.

Eula Shaw: A "skin you love to touch"; Pebeco!

Fred Stetson: A friend in need; trans-continental automobile trips.

Gladys Zwicker: Puck; green fields and wild roses; the flash of a scarlet tanager.

What would happen in the Senior Class IF:—

Ellmar Campbell "grew up."

Madeline Seaver lost her collegiate walk and shrugs.

Bunny became separated from Phil.

Anna Murphy stopped exerting her influence over the opposite sex.

Bloom's store of arguments became exhausted.

Anna Nielsen forgot to make a scholarly recitation.

Verna Perry hadn't bobbed her hair.

Dot Flood forgot to giggle.

Agnes Morey wasn't late for school.

Eula Shaw abolished her radicalism.

Katherine Rogers forgot her history lesson.

Fred Boni had an essay in on time.

Ruth Perkins lost her demureness and charm of manner.

Ruth Jenkins should join the ranks of the old maids.

Dot Bowen talked above a stage whisper.

Steve lost his hatred of the women.

Fred Stetson wasn't such a willing worker.

Chuckran couldn't afford to buy any more slickum.

Gladys Zwicker lost her shy sweet smile.

Lillian Campbell diminished in height, intelligence, and ability as a writer.

Phil didn't live *such* a long distance from the High School so she wouldn't be rushing in at 8.29.

The Bookkeeping classes ever had their inkwells filled. English IV-B had a lesson in on time.

We failed to make an impression on the Freshmen.

A lower classman got the best of an argument.

Joe Morey failed to find any bits of paper, gum wrappers, peanuts, or half chewed caramels on the floor.

The teachers forgot to give us an exam!

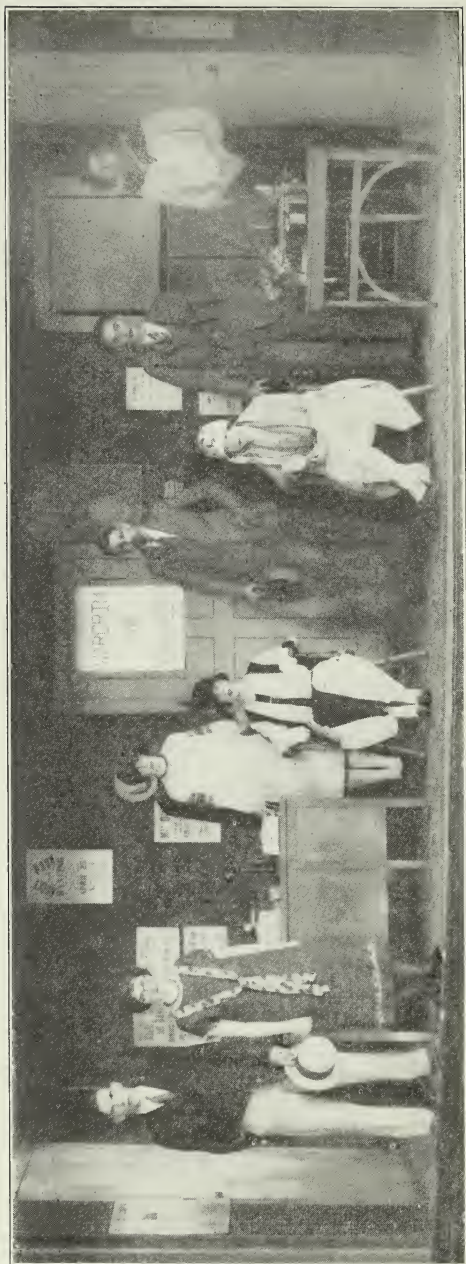
Lillian Campbell, '25.

CLASS HISTORY

Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt have made history that will be enshrined within the nation's heart forever. We, the class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Five have made history which the nation may never know about, but which will live forever in our hearts. We will cherish it in our memories always.

On the seventh of September, which was one of those wet, gloomy, dreary days that remind one of winter, fifty-one young, meek lambs were ushered into the sacred portals of East Bridgewater High School. Because of numbers and not force fourteen of us were sheltered under the wing of Mrs. Sawin in her Junior Room. Phyllis Richmond as our class president and Miss Barnes and Mr. Hawkes as our faculty advisers guided us through our first year.

Our Sophomore year was one of the busiest years during our High School career. We started the custom of giving an Acquaintance Party to the Freshmen. The worthy Sophomores dressed as nurses, while the Freshmen, of course, dressed as little children. We also initiated the Freshmen. At Christmas time we made merry, as all good people should, by having a Christmas party. Santa Claus (in reality Mr. Hawkes) on his journey throughout the universe condescended to stop long enough at East Bridgewater High School to bestow gifts upon each deserving person.



CAST OF THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY, "TAKE MY ADVICE."

Stephen Carleton

Eula Shaw

Ruth Jenkins

Lillian Campbell

Fred Boni

Phyllis Richmond

Dan Chuckran

Abraham Bloom

In the spring, special exercises were held in charge of the Sophomore Class for the observance of Arbor Day. The program consisted of singing, speaking, and the planting of a tree. Immediately after the exercises in the Assembly Hall, the pupils marched out and gathered around the tree where an appropriate song was sung. Remarks were made by Benjamin Cook and Wallace Adam, who had helped arrange the terra firma for the occasion. Each of the Sophomores took part in the program by placing a shovelful of dirt around the tree.

One of the red letter days during our Junior Year was the purchasing of our class rings. After indulging in many heated arguments and listening to several different salesmen, we finally selected a ring that suited everyone's taste. After several candy and food sales, which were all a success, we raised enough money to conduct our Annual Junior Prom, which is one of the greatest events of our High School life. The different committees worked hard and made the affair the success that it was. Much credit is due Ruth Jenkins who did more than her share to make this a gala event in our life.

Last but not least came our Senior year when twenty-one lofty seniors pledged their loyalty and co-operation in living up to the standards of past classes which had occupied that sacred room of all rooms. The Juniors, being very benevolent people, invited the Seniors to their Prom. Of course we all accepted the kind invitations extended to us, and behaved perfectly. We felt very grateful for the refreshments that were served F. O. C., but the next time we hope that the Juniors do not try to cut a quart brick of ice cream into a dozen pieces!

Our next red letter day was the Senior Class Play. Eight members of the class made their debut before the footlights. We will never forget the ardor which Jimmy demonstrated when he proved that he could wake up towns that had fallen asleep by the wayside.

The Seniors started the practice of the students' taking charge of the assemblies during chapel period every Wednesday and Friday. Very few errors were committed

in this procedure, but we do recall, however, that day when Dorothy Flood made the mistake of calling "Love's Old Sweet Song" a psalm. Forever in our memories will linger the day that the tapestries enveloped the heads of three dignified Seniors who were seated on the stage. We flush with humiliation every time that we think of the ecstatic grins on the faces of the Freshmen.

June 1 was Loyalty Day. The Seniors had the privilege of running the town of East Bridgewater for one day. This procedure is considered very beneficial because of the knowledge which the Seniors acquire in regard to the voting system and the various duties of the different town officials. For the first time in the history of the town, two of the constables were women. We proved our ability in the undertaking of the various positions; therefore the town will expect, within a few years, twenty-one good, loyal citizens to add to the list of registered voters.

Just before graduation, we indulged in the frivolity of a freak day. The Seniors forgot their dignity and prestige for one day, and made merry as freaks of nature. This proves that, although we will grow old physically, our hearts will always remain young.

We are now looking forward to Commencement. It seems a rather awe-inspiring spectacle and all of a sudden we feel far from being gay and carefree. It seems like the grand finale of our four years of happiness; but in another sense, we are just beginning. There is a thrill of satisfaction in the comforting smoothness of a diploma, and also in the thoughts that we will continue to grow strong and sturdy like the little tree which we planted two years ago.

Lillian D. Campbell, '25.

CLASS WILL

Know all men by these presents that we, the Class of 1925, being of as sound minds as can reasonably be expected, do make this our last will and testament.

First, to Miss Barnes, our highly respected Principal, we leave the memory of a class which has been extremely difficult to handle—especially her English 4-B.

Second, to Miss Andrews we leave the memory of a class which will never forget her many kindnesses both in the class room and in the social activities which she has helped to make successful.

Third, to Miss Ellmes we leave all the tissue paper maps, drawn by the Commercial students, which may be found in the many empty desks.

Fourth, to Mr. Reardon we leave the yard stick which we have seen him use so frequently in all Senior classes.

Fifth, to the remaining teachers we leave our best wishes, hoping that their future classes will be more orderly and apt than the class of '25 has been.

Sixth, we make the following bequests:

Stephen Carleton's ability for waking up towns to Wentworth Burrell.

Madeline Seaver's collegiate ways to Lottie Backofen.

Anna Murphy's charming voice to Dora Norcross.

Catherine Rogers' extra pounds we leave to Florence Hall.

Ruth Perkins' talent for playing the violin to Marjorie Andrew, hoping that Marjorie will compensate for Ruth's absence.

Dorothea Bowen's giggles we leave to Edith Diegoli in case Edith's supply is exhausted.

Anna Nielsen's ability in speaking French we leave to Helen Leach.

Verna Perry's quiet ways we leave to John Thorn-dike. Don't abuse them, John!

Dorothy Flood's position as Principal we leave to Lena Malaguti.

Eula Shaw's fondness for red hair to Bernice Alden.

Bloom's Napoleonic ambitions to Henry Patt.

Agnes Morey's champion shots in basketball we leave to Alice Robbins with the hope that Alice continues the good work.

Gladys Zwicker's cleverness in algebra we leave to Edith Herrick.

Phyllis Richmond's vampy eyes we leave to Dora McNamara.

Frances Bannerman's willingness to help wherever needed we leave to Virginia Sturgis.

Lillian Campbell's extra height to Rosemary Richmond.

Ellmar Campbell's drawing ability to Sanford Archer.

Daniel Chuckran's winning ways on the stage to Howard Zwicker.

Freddie Boni's position as toast-master to Clement Jarvis.

Fred Stetson's boisterous ways to Walter Williams.

Ruth Jenkins' long hair to Frances Reed in case she wants hers long again.

(Signed) RUTH H. JENKINS,
Notary Public.

Witnesses:

Larry Semon Boni,
Peggy Acton,
Jud,
Bob Mannion,
"Juliet."

CLASS ODE

Sailing out upon life's ocean,
In such happy glad emotion,
Never may our deep devotion
 To our Alma Mater wane;
Never may our hearts surrender
Mem'ries of her care so tender;
May the flight of time but render
 Recollection ever keen.

As we leave our school behind us,
This sad parting will remind us
That the future will e'er find us
 Keeping her fair fame alive;
And now at our graduation
We make double dedication,
Pledge ourselves to school and nation,
 We, the Class of Twenty-Five!

Katherine Alyce Rogers, '25.

THE CRYSTAL GAZER

Scene: A fortune teller's tent. In the center is seen a crystal gazing globe. A young gypsy girl in gaudy costume stands over it and speaks the following words as Anna Murphy enters:

"I see you in the opera house. You are taking the part of Delilah. The face of Samson looks familiar to you. You gasp. Is it possible? Yes, you will find him to be your old classmate, Abraham Bloom. You will both find success and happiness in the musical world."

Enter Ruth Perkins,

"You, too, are in the opera house, but you are sitting with the orchestra. After your solo, you will be applauded time and again. I see you a year later in Europe on a concert tour. Success to a great composer!"

Enter Dorothea Bowen and Ruth Jenkins,

"Two young girls hand in hand. You will remain so until you are fifty. During this time you will live quiet, peaceful lives, but on the eve of your fiftieth birthday you will be interviewed by a circus manager. I see you the following summer in a travelling circus as bareback riders."

Enter Dorothy Flood,

"You began your career on June 1, 1925, on Loyalty Day. After many discouraging experiences you will make a name for yourself in the educational world. Your friends will hail you as Payson Smith the second."

Enter Katherine Rogers,

"You are at the beach. There is a cry of 'help!!'. You will have the courage to rush in. You have saved a man. It proves to be the son of Calvin Coolidge. For a while, I can't see you, but a year later I see you as the First Lady of the Land!"

Enter Fred Stetson,

"In your early thirties you will have a fortune left you. I am sorry to say that you will hoard this away and become a miser, until a friend of yours will die, leaving his daughter in your care. Through her you will reform and live a happy life."

Enter Anna Nielsen,

"The life of a train porter will appeal to you. You will start bravely out in quest of an education, so that you may live up to that line so often found in parlor cars, 'Ask the Porter; he knows.' You have a great fancy for lemonade. Don't let it lead to anything else."

Enter Ellmar Campbell,

"I see you as the right hand man of Stephen Carleton of the Bickley Slogan Company. A young girl who loves you to distraction will come into your life. She is none other than one of the bob-haired bandits of '25, namely Verna Perry. I see a long road of happiness for you both."

Enter Eula Shaw,

"You will choose the profession of a minister. I see you occupying the pulpit of the Unitarian Church. The following June you will give the address to the graduating class of the High School. Your talk will be on the 'Advantages of Stating Your Business Briefly.' The next June I see you marching to the altar with a red-haired young man."

Enter Agnes Morey,

"Your career began in High School. You are playing basketball with the Whirlwinds. At every game, in the audience sits a light-haired man whom you met in your 'teens. A few years later you will give up your vocation and settle down to a happy married life."

Enter Frederick Boni,

"I see you running away from home and joining the

navy. During the next few years you rise rapidly until in 1928 I see you ready to take charge of the American Fleet stationed at Matfield Navy Yard."

Enter Gladys Zwicker,

"You will choose the life of a politician. In 1930 you will begin a campaign for the governorship of Massachusetts. At first you are defeated, but after years of persistency I believe you will be successful as governor of the Fiji Islands. Beware of all blue-eyed men, for they will be your political enemies."

Enter Frances Bannerman,

"You will have four successful years in college, followed by a trip to Europe. The globe tells me that you will stop at Paris where you will take upon yourself the duties of a French professor. While strolling through the Rue Morgue, you will meet an old classmate, who is travelling in Europe. It is none other than Stephen Carleton, who is a representative of the Bickley Slogan Company. Two years later, I see you as Mrs. Carleton, honeymooning in Venice."

Enter Madeline Seaver,

"You will live a life of frivolous gaiety until, in your middle age, you will realize your mistake. I see you a few years later clad in the gown of a nun, doing charity work."

Enter Daniel Chuckran,

"You are in the office of James Hayden. A contract is in your hands. Yes, you have signed it. You are now leading man in the City Theatre. I see you for a long engagement in New York, and all because of 'Take My Advice'!"

Enter Lillian Campbell.

"You seem to be holding something in your hand. The mist is clearing. Ah yes, you are selling something—tickets to a bazaar. You are in society. You seem to have lived a hard life, for I see you in the divorce court three times. But you will find happiness with your fourth husband."

Enter Phyllis Richmond,

"And in the globe the gypsy girl sees for you much excitement in the matrimonial world. You will at the age of twenty leave college to marry a young red-headed fellow by

the name of Bill. She sees that you met him way back in '25. He proves to be untrustworthy, for he is always to be found in the dance hall in the wee small hours of the morning. However, divorce straightens out the difficulties, and she sees you in '32 as the bride of an old friend. Who is it? Why, Bob, of course! (A. K. N.)

Phyllis Richmond, '25.

SCHOOL NOTES

Have you ever seen a freak? No? Then you should have visited school June 2, Senior Freak Day. The sight of Frances Bannerman, with long, shaggy red hair, nearly gave people hysterics. Everybody roared when Freddie Boni came into the Assembly Hall late. Some of the girls went back to their childhood days. They looked real kid-dish, with short dresses, socks, and hair ribbons. Many a person had a good hard laugh on that day.

We feel very proud of our Seniors for the way they presented "Take My Advice," their class play. We undergraduates hope our plays will be such successes.

At the assembly period on June 17, the Freshmen presented the Pyramus and Thisbe scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Miss Mary Sullivan of the French Department is receiving her A. M. degree at Boston University this month.

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College Girls

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ATHLETICS

At one of the assemblies, the members of the football squad received letters for the past season.

The baseball season opened with a game at Avon which was nearly a slugging contest. E. B. finally won with a score of 18-16.

The next game was played with West Bridgewater on our home field. This time we were not so successful and lost 16-8.

The home game with Holbrook was postponed on account of the weather conditions. Our next game at Holbrook was also disastrous as we lost to the tune of 21-6.

After the close of the basketball season the girls im-

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mediately took up field hockey. This, however, was not as great a success as basketball turned out to be, for many of the former players could not find time for this sport on account of the nearness of graduation. But when the school session opens in the fall, we expect to hold as good a record as we had the previous fall.

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1917

Thomas Matthews has accepted a position at the Stone and Webster plant at Fall River.

1919

Miss Elizabeth Carleton recently graduated from the Deaconess Hospital in Brookline.

Katherine Tabor and Carroll Hall (E. B. H. S. '21) were members of the graduating class of 1925 at Boston Univer-

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sity College of Liberal Arts. The commencement exercises were held at Symphony Hall on the morning of June 15.

George Murphy graduates from Tufts College this month. He is  Hospital in the surgical department.

1920

Miss Rachael Bartlett is graduating from Simmons College this month.

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1921

Miss Anna Leland, a former graduate of the Brockton Hospital, is now one of the supervisors at that institution.

Carroll B. Hall was a member of the cast of Sir James Matthew Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," which was given as the Boston University Senior Class Play at the Fine Arts Theater, Boston, on June 10.

Richard Morey graduated from Bridgewater Normal School on June 19. He is to begin teaching in the fall, having one or two positions under consideration.

Edward Barker graduated from Northeastern University on June 15. He has accepted a position in the test department of the New York Edison Company and will shortly take up his work there.

1922

Lee Waterman, Bates '26, will play with an orchestra at North Stratford, N. H., during the summer.

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1923

Richard H. Moorhouse, Brown '27, who has been an associate manager of the Brown Daily Herald, will be a Junior manager during the coming year.

1924

Edgar Grout, Brown '28, has been appointed to the editorial staff of the Brown Daily Herald, on the reporting staff of which he has worked the last year.

MEMORIES FADE

PHOTOGRAPHS STAY

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The lamp of friendship never fails;
Its steady beams it sends
To light the world and bless the way;
I'm glad we two are friends.

If writing in albums remembrance insures,
With heaps of pleasure I'll scribble in yours.

Maiden who readst this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For ah, it is not always May!

Love many, trust few,
But always paddle your own canoe.

If you think you have a hard life, consider the blows a
handkerchief receives.

And have you *ever* heard these:
When you're married,
And your husband's cross,
Come over to my house
And eat —————!
Ruth now, Ruth ever;
Perkins now, but not forever!

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This is the way Marjorie Frost quotes from "The Deserted Village":

"Amidst the swine to show my book-learned skill."

And Barbara Burrell does it like this: "Here to return and die at home once more!"

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9 MAIN ST., - - BROCKTON

This reminds us of A. S. B.:
A B C D goldfish?
L, M N O goldfish!
Y S A R, A. B.

Miss Sullivan wanted to know if "poulets" are ever roosters. Upon being informed, she said, "Oh, they're masculine poulets, then!"

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Have you heard of the dumb-bell who thought that:
Pop-corn was an old man,
Anatole France was a summer resort,
Vladivostok was sold in Wall Street.
The Blarney Stone was a precious gem,
Rowe's Wharf was a Follies girl,
Monte Blue was a new shade,
A sylvan dell was Ethel M.'s daughter,
Delaware punch was originated by Dempsey,
Sandy Hook was a Scotchman,
The Flying Dutchman was an escaped convict,
And
That "D" on a report card stood for "Dandy"?

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TEMPER

When I have lost my temper,
I have lost my reason, too;
I am never proud of anything
Which angrily I do.

When I have talked in anger,
And my cheeks are flaming red,
I have always uttered something
Which I wish I hadn't said.

Charlotte Backofen, '28.

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have stopped if he had come this way."

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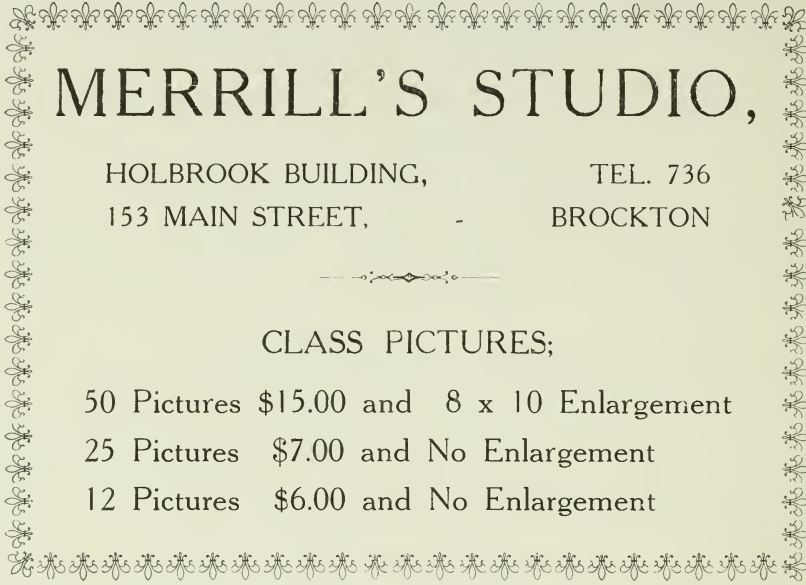
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